

Southern Illinois University Carbondale OpenSIUC

April 1952

Daily Egyptian 1952

4-1-1952

The Naitpyge, April 01, 1952

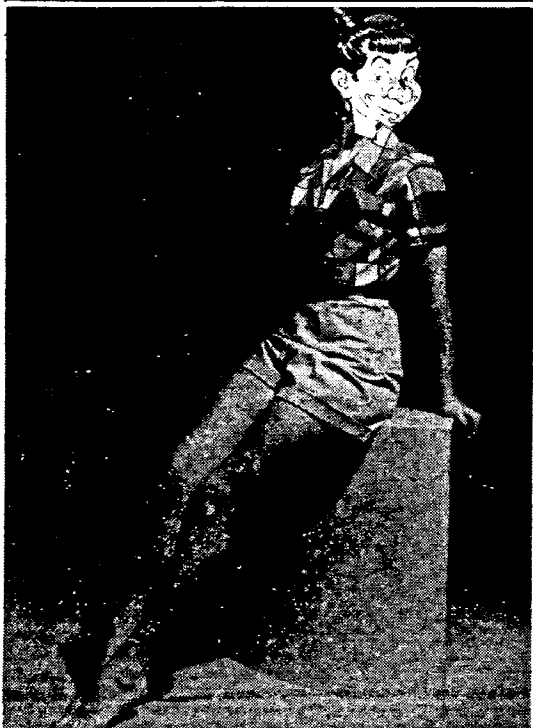
Egyptian Staff

Follow this and additional works at: http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de_April1952
April Fool's edition.

Recommended Citation

Egyptian Staff, "The Naitpyge, April 01, 1952" (1952). *April 1952*. Paper 8.
http://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/de_April1952/8

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Daily Egyptian 1952 at OpenSIUC. It has been accepted for inclusion in April 1952 by an authorized administrator of OpenSIUC. For more information, please contact opensiuc@lib.siu.edu.



THIS SPACE HAS BEEN ES-
PECIALLY PRINTED AND DE-
SIGNATED FOR THOSE WHO
LIKE TO READ THE PAPER
OF THE PERSON SITTING BE-
HIND THEM, OR FOR THOSE
WHO ENJOY READING WHILE
STANDING ON THEIR HEADS.

This is the first time in the history of the university that students have not laughed at the jokes of the instructors. Others have tried to but they were given force last night with a wet noodle. Measures will be taken to quell other professors from committing such crimes in the name of the university.

40 Kids Slaughtered; Laugh, You Fools!

Jets Jet Off; Rot C Unit Is Activated

Friday night a Military Ball was given the departing heroes in the Armory Building. The National Air Force Band played for the ball, and General G. H. Arnold gave a farewell address.

The Southern Illinois Symphony band will lead the parade today as the unit marches to the train station. The cadets are tearful at leaving the university they love, but they are anxious to reach the front where they will fight for their country, their university, and the Southern coeds.

Free Beer, Chorus Line In Old Main

John Keerymakus will be owner and operator of the new beer hall which will open at the crosshalls of Old Main sometime in the near soon according to President Melite Dorris.

The decision to open this new beer hall after a mass student demonstration was announced by dean of the College of VocProf Reins.

According to the new ruling passed in connection with the beer



hall, all students will be given 50 minutes between their 10 minute classes.

"Age shall not be asked at the bar," said John, "anyone who can look over my bar will be served." (Editors note—The bar is one foot high.) "A catering service will be started" Keerymakus added, "which will carry beer to all classes in oth-

* He was shot between the house and barn, as he tried to make good his escape. His red eyes were horror-filled, his last words were, "I'm sorry, I took it." He died with the Alma Mater song of Southern rumbling incoherently from his lips.



DOWELL O'LANIEL

Registration Aids Strong Personality

Beginning summer term, there will be no registration. Students and faculty find the time spent in registration wasted and feel that it would save a lot of problems if it were abolished.

Starting next term, students will go to any class they chose upon the first day of the term. If some of the classes are found to be too large the instructor will either divide the class or kick some of the people out. If a student desires to drop a class after the first week, all he has to do is quit going. However, if the student feels he can pass the class merely by taking the examinations, he may receive credit for that class by doing so.

This new plan has received national recognition from all of the other big ten schools. It is getting to be a necessity in the big ten to attract as many students as Southern.

Southern has found that the student opinion seems to be for each student to have to be in a registration of at least 24 hours, fill out at least 100 forms, and to stand in at least 33 lines before he is eligible for his degree. This is thought to be a help to him in later life and help him develop a strong personality.

er buildings."

A chorus line will perform between classes. The chorus will consist of 50 of our most outstanding female students. The feature attraction of the chorus line is that it has only 48 costumes.

★ Thus ended the career of one of the smoothest conmen ever to grace the campus here. This short, fat character with a mania for criminal acts, was not in the least suspected, as he had been approved as the chairman of the Spring Festival, for he was **DOWELL O'LANIEL**.

University officials were dumbfounded when he made a flat statement that he must have control of all expenditures of the gala activities. True to Southern hospitality, the officials let the smoothie from Chicago handle the dough.

AT A RECENT meeting, the people working on the Spring Festival were astounded when he gave a report of what had taken place in regard to the planning of the festival. His only statement was, "Nuts with it!" This rocked the assemblage back on their loafers but the various chairmen were quick to recover, and the motion was seconded by **DOLORES DAMP**. One thing led to another, and soon the question was asked, "Why do we go through with all this planning, no one ever attends the events here anyhow." Roars of approval were heard.

The sly man was quick to grasp his opportunity as he said, "Why not split the money that we have to spend on the festival and not say a word about it. We will be the only ones that attend anyhow." This motion was carried with only one dissent. The dissenting vote was made by our smoothie again who said, "Let's don't be half-way about this men, let's have a deal where by you get all or nothing. Let's flip for it." They flipped and our subject, (who else?) won.

WITH ALL THE money that Daniel had, he figgered it was to 'pass' to remain here as a peon. Last Tuesday he departed for Florida. Soon after his departure, a representative of the Student Council found that he had flipped with a two-headed coin, and had thereby cheated in winning the contest. Angry members of the committee for Spring Festival armed themselves with any weapon handy, and left on the trail of the culprit.

He was finally located on the farm of Al Capone, just over the Florida line, and the angry Saluki's wrought havoc. The cannon located in front of the flagpole was used by our hero **FREDA FLOWER** to fire the fatal shot. It had been transported to the scene of his hideout with the compliments of Southern's flying club.

DO NOT READ THIS! (APRIL FOOL! YOU DID?)

Editor's Mailbag

Dear Surs,

Yestidday, as I sat in the cafeteria drinkin coffee and pensuvly cleanin my fingernails with a fork, it accured to me that this instatushun is sadly lackin in one of the fundamental necessities of life. I am speekin of curse of spittoons. Naow I am sertin that it was not the intenshun of the bird of trustees to deprive a man of a chew, but that is egactly the effect thet there negligence has pradoosed.

Ma tot me then it was imperlite to spit on the floor or in the suger bowls, but I ask you now, where else is there? My firs day in english clãss this turn (I am an english majur) I had the good forshun to be sittin by a opu windo. So, when the time com to spit I just leened over an let er go. You nevur heard sich a racket. I thot the old hen was gonna lay a aig right up there on the desk. Them breezes can fool you sometimes.

Now that you are familer with all the complicashuns of the problem I wood like to know whether or not you coodn't write a amendmunt or a editoriul or sum other thing to git things chenged a little.

Yurs trooly,

Eb Tyde

P. S. If you could git sum plased ever few feet along the corrudurs it sur wud help.

Editors of the NAITPYGE

Surely you are not unaware of the numerous cracks in the campus sidewalks. But! Have you ever thought of these cracks as open opportunities to organized gambling! Picture an entire university student body neglecting classes and going hungry in order to spend their time and money pitching pennies at these cracks. Worse still, picture the university, already overrun by unscrupulous men, acting as the house and demanding ten percent of the winnings.

Can't the cracks be filled and the administration tossed out before such conditions become realities?

Signed: A Conscientious Objector

Dear Editor:

We feel so sorry for you and we like to do good for other people so we thought we would write and tell you how good the Egyptian is, even if we don't believe ourselves and even if we can find no one in agreement.

Yours truly,

Percival, Octavius, Adelbert, Alaster, Erastus, Ferdinand, Gustavius, Hyacinth, Theobald, Alphonsine, Clothilda, Dagmar, Ermengard, Hermania, and Isadore.

Dear Editor:

I have a problem. Last New Years I purchased one package of confetti for our annual Sot's Reunion for 100 cents. I got 61,333 red confetti, 61,332 green confetti, 61,331 blue confetti, 61,330 yellow confetti, and 2 brown confetti. The total was 245,328 confetti. This week again bought confetti for next New Years in case of rationing. But this year I received 61,333 red confetti, 61,332 green confetti, 61,331 blue confetti, 61,330 yellow confetti, and no brown ones. And the total this year was only 245,326. Do you think I was cheated because I got 2 less confetti and no brown ones this year? Do you think I should file suit?

Dear Troubled:

By all means, do not file your suit. I'd like to have it, especially if it's my size.

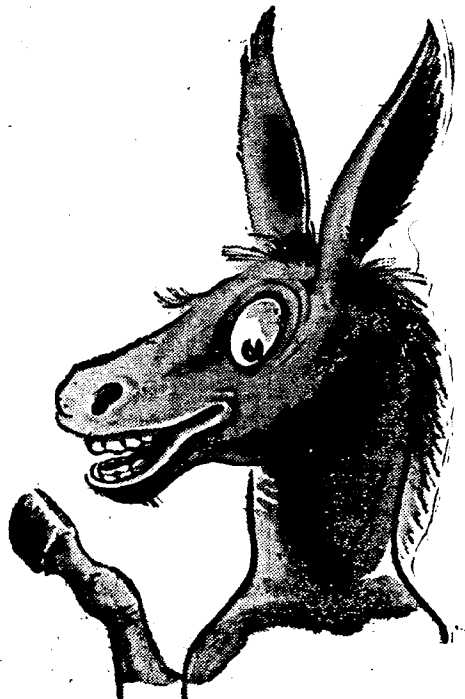
Troubled.

Editor.

THE Egyptian SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

Published semi-weekly during the school year, excepting holidays and exam weeks by students of Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Ill. Entered as second class matter at the Carbondale post office under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Barbara VonBehren editor-in-chief
Beverly Fox managing editor
Gwen Applegate business manager
Don Duffy sports editor
Olis Weeks photographer
Dave Stahlberg cartoonist
Lyle Sledge circulation manager
Miss Viola DuFrain faculty fiscal sponsor
Donald R. Grubb faculty editorial sponsor



"Neigh, Neigh," says J. Paul Sweedy as he switches to VILE-FOOT CREAM OIL after he had flunked the athlete's foot test. Result—no dandruff on the tracks.

Saluki Howls

OFF WE GO

(Tune: Off We Go)

Off we go into the stadium yonder,

Saluki men into the sun.

We've got guts, and we don't dare to blunder.

What's a think? We play for fun?

Watch our smoke: watch our throats roar thunder.

Come on, gang, roll up the score! We look like wrecks for Alumni checks.

Hey, nothing can stop the S.I.U. Corps.

Here they come onto the field from yonder,

Saluki foes into the din.

We can't lose, and is it any wonder?

We're well built, and they're too thin.

Gouge their eyes, and plow them under.

Who plays clean? We play to score.

Though Harold is gone we carry on.

Hey, nothing can stop the S.I.U. Corps.

SALUKI LOCKER ROOM SONG

Deck the room with kegs of lager,

crimson and if she nervously places one foot on top the other, very good.

HER VOICE should preferably be nasal, and her head lowered if and when she talks to you for the first two or three months. If the subject consents to having a date with you under any less than ten specific requests, she must be forgotten. We must also bear in mind that the following tests during courtship are indicative of a failure in marriage:

1. Any tendency to stay out after sundown. 2. A willingness to sit unchaperoned in theatre. 3. An invitation to visit her house without the presence of at least two parents.

Well, good luck, young men. Have patience!

Fa la la la la, la la la la, Schlitz, Budweiser, Atlas Prager, Fa la la la la, la la la la. Don we now gridiron apparel, Fa la la, la la la, la la la. First send Will for one more barrel, Fa la la, la la la, la la la.

You Name It! We'll Feed It!



Answer to this week's "You Name It" picture is on page 4.

study.

Is the dress or other garment so designed as to flatter? If the answer is 'yes' a male must beware. The dress should be plain and definitely unattractive.

She must pass the following tests also: 1. No presence of cosmetics. 2. No attempt to deceive by artificial curling and arrangement of hair... the hair should be plain and straight. 3. No plucking of eyebrows. 4. Fingernails to be clear of any artificial coloring. 5. Ears to be natural and bear no ornamentation. 6. General over-all appearance to be plain in regard to color of clothing.

Personality traits—When spoken to, the girl should blush a deep (Left, again, you fool!)

Flunks Foot Test, Switches To Cream-Oil

"Neigh, neigh," Sweedy's girl said. "With hair like that you're running on the wrong track. Not that I always like to nag you, but your hair looks like something that also ran. Every time you come galloping in it reins dandruff." "Hay, hay," stammered J. Paul. "Hay nothing," she winneyed. "If you want to win, place, or show with me you'd bit-ter do something about it. I'll tell you the tail of Vilefoot Cream Oil. In the stretch, it's a sure winner. 100 proof alcohol. Contains tri-nitro-terpene. Helps you flunk the sobriety test, cures athlete's foot, ring worm, rheumatism, arthritis, ulcers, hang-nails, and pediculosis. So Sweedy got Vilefoot, and now the gals canter themselves away from him. So better saddle up and stampede to the nearest pub or club and get a vat full of Vilefoot Cream-Oil, America's most talked about discovery. We don't know what they're saying, but we assure you, plenty's being said. Ask for it on your hair next time you go to your favorite toupee stylist.

Beware—Attractive Women Will Trap You

by Steve Nahlberg

I write this article in the belief that it will be of help to the unsuspecting American male who is beset and bewildered by women. I feel in my heart that all American men are anxious to be seen with only the women who are of the 'home-spun' type.

I am forty-seven years of age, and have never worn a touch of lipstick, never used face powder, never set out deliberately to trap any man into marriage by the use of so-called feminine wiles. Many of the young women I went to school with are married. I am not married. My picture and telephone number will be sent upon request.

IN ORDER to give the American male a comprehensive, authentic guide to the avoidance and detection of over-anxious women I am going to list in sequence, the signs for which the young man must be on his guard. We will start at the bottom of the typical man-seeking female and work our way to the top. By the time we have completely covered this area, any sensible young man will be able to successfully evade any contact by instant detection.

I must warn the young male reader, however, against any 'falling by the wayside' during his study of this guide.



We commence our study by looking at the footgear of the average American woman. Ask yourself these questions: 1. Does she wear high heels? 2. Do you detect the presence of silk stockings? 3. Does the ankle (to use the vernacular) look 'well-turned'? If the answer is 'yes' to any or all three of these queries, then the young man should do an immediate 'about face' and look to other fields, for here is our first indication of the type of woman we wish to avoid.

IF, HOWEVER, the heels are flat, and the ankle is thick and covered with suitable covering (heavy-weight stockings), then we may elevate our eyes for further (Left, you fool!)

It Soon Will Happen . . .

- April 1—Student Middle Shrimp roast, 3 a.m.
- April 2—Southern Yacht Club race, Lake Ridgeway.
- April 3—Pogo Stick concert featuring Po and Go and the rest of the sticks. Slylock amphiatre.
- April 4—Lecture by Joe Stalin, subject—"Why I Am a Staunch Harry S. Trumaner," Piddle Theatre.
- April 5—All-school kick-out banquet launching "Sidewalks for Southern Week," Mess Hall, 6 a.m.
- April 6—School dismissed all-day by proclamation of Doc Penney, assistant administrative device to the president.

It Soon Will Happen—No Foolin This Time!

- Tuesday, April 1—Phi Mu Alpha informal smoker, 9 p.m., Little Theatre.
- Wed., April 2—Co-Rec. meeting, 7 p.m., women's gym.
- Thursday, April 3—Girl's rally meeting, 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Main 210 I. R. C. meeting, 7 to 9 p.m., Little Theatre. Roundtable discussion on foreign policy. Everyone invited.
- Sing and Swing meeting, 7 to 10 p.m., old gym.
- Interview for elementary teaching in Park Forest, 1:30 p.m., Placement Service.
- Friday, April 4—Faculty dance, Little Theatre.
- Monday, April 7—French club movie, 7 to 9 p.m., Little Theatre.
- Southern Acres Village Association pot luck supper, town meeting, 6:30 p.m., Southern Acres Recreation Hall.

New Production

By Tone-Beat

Reporter Scores!

(THE FOLLOWING RADIO SCRIPT FOR A PROPOSED SHOW WAS FILCHED BY YOUR REPORTER WHO WORKED AS A TONE-BEAT THIS SUMMER AT THE CLUMSY BROADCASTING SYSTEM).

ANNOUNCER: The makers of Moscovitz's Military Shoes present an absolutely different type of quiz show—"Doctor G. I." Contestants must be between the ages of 18 and 26 and cannot be employees of the United States Armed Forces or members of their families. Doctor G. I., who is in reality kindly old Major General Lewis Bershey, will put three questions to our contestant. If the contestant answers all three questions correctly, he receives a six-month deferment. However, should Doctor G. I. stump the contestant, he is automatically awarded a pair of Moscovitz's Military Shoes in his exact size—where he's going he'll need them. And now here's Doctor G. I.

DR. G. I.: Thank you very much. And welcome, men, to the Doctor G. I. Show. I have my armed guards stationed at all exits. Now here's our first contestant. How old are you son?

CONTESTANT: Terrible!
DR. G. I.: Hahaha, quite a kidder, aren't you? Wipe that smirk off your face—straighten up—chest out! Now, I just dare you to answer this question: Within 2 cartons, how many cartons of condensed milk were consumed by the Armed Forces in World War II? (Procedure of show; All contestants muff questions).

DR. G. I.: (As losing contestants are marched out. Say good-bye to them, audience. And now this is Doctor G. I. who reminds you to be with us again at this same time next week for another session of the Doctor G. I. Show.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send us **ONE (1) FORD**,
We'll send you **TEN (10)**
FLEATIES Box Tops.

Fleaties Breakfast Food
424 Madison Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.



LEAP YEAR is realized on Southern's beautifully landscaped campus as JO ANNIE SHOAT pursues MELITE DORRIS in the weekly chase staged at sun-up each day.

A Bulletin For You Striking Students Say Southern Is Sweatshop

Although heavily criticized by the student body, a new school plan has been started. President Dorris has recently announced that starting immediately and continuing indefinitely, classes will be held only on weekends. Much to the dismay of the students, this will mean five free days every week, with classes being held only on Saturdays and Sundays.

The purpose of this new arrangement, said President Dorris is to inspire students to remain in Carbondale over the week end.

INVENTOR INVENTS ORANGE WITH ZIPPER

Dr. Treeplant Squelch, botany professor, announced today that the botany department had made two startling developments in the easier handling of fruits.

One botany student interbred a Talon zipper and a California orange to produce an orange with a zipper peeling. Dr. Squelch stated that this development may well run the Sunkist-oranges out of business.

He also stated that an Hawaiian student at SIU had produced a coconut with a faucet on it, but as yet it was still in the experimental stages. Dr. Squelch stated, "We are having difficulty in getting the iron faucet to properly fertilize with the coconut. There seems to be differences in genes and chromosomes somewhere, but we are rapidly making progress."

look important is the Big Man on Campus.

If you have an imagination, and you don't have to have a very good one, the possible comparisons are unlimited. However, here is some advice before I go trotting along. Don't tell just anyone about our little game—they might not understand.

Student Makes Mistake



Southern Illinois University students staged a general strike today against what they termed "sweatshop working conditions and blushing low wages" offered to student workers.

"Arise!" shouted Hank Lewes, one of the agitators. "We have nothing to lose but our chains."

Immediately, university officials rushed a detachment of campus cops to the front of Old Main, the scene of the uprising. The police, however, were driven away by a hail of spitballs.

One cop, obviously shaken by the ordeal, commented: "I'm not going to mess with them. I got a wife and kids."

THE DEMONSTRATORS, then staged a march to the office of student affairs where they demanded a hearing. They were shortly addressed by J. P. Flintrock, professor of economics, who told them:

"You young kids nowadays only think about money. Now when I was a boy . . ." Flintrock's words were interrupted by the cheers of students who broke into a chorus of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

Flintrock sputtered "Fifteen cents an hour is enough for anybody. What do you mean by asking for more money? Why its downright un-American. It's Communistic, that's what it is."

Lewes, the leader of the student group, then stepped forward, his head dropping. "Gee, Professor," he said humbly, "don't get sore. We really didn't mean anything by it."

The whistle atop the SIU garment factory blew and the students shuffled back to work.

"The kids are all right," Flintrock told a reporter. "Just a little headstrong at times."

HESSNAR TURNS CAT ON THE FIDDLE

Dr. Mario (the Cat) Hessnar is planning to give a strictly jazz concert April 2 on the steps of Old Main. With fiddle in hand Dr. Hessnar will attempt to give his own version of "If I Had Seen You Coming I'd Have Gone the Other Way," "Shotgun Boogie," (originally known as "Lay That Pistol Down, Paw.") and the "Wheel of Torture."

He will also introduce an original composition by Bobby Fainter of the English department. It is called "Fainter's Folly in Fifteen Flats."

Notice

The dean of men and dean of women, according to a recent release from the Office of Faculty Affairs, are going to stop smooching in buildings on campus.

Grand Ole Opry- Soap, Chat Is

The great Opera soon coming to Slylock auditorium is intitled I Pali ichy. We would like to review it for you, but first—a list of characters.

- Canio—the handleader
- Needa—a singer and wife of Canio
- Tonio—a clown
- Beppe—First clarinet and actor
- Silvio—a sot

The opening scene is laid in California and is about a troupe doing one night stands in a road show.

Canio's old lady, Needa, has been stepping out with Silvio, the town drunk, behind his back. Tonio, the clown in this act, has tried in the past to date Needa, but she has told him in not so many words to Drop Dead.

SILVIO LEFT Canio in a tavern in this first act, drinking straight bourbon while he hopped in his Caddillac with Nedda and sets out to "park." Tonio who has parked in the same place with his girl friend catches them smooching and makes Silvio pay him to keep his trap shut. But Tonio, who ain't so dumb as he looks, decides to play both ends against the middle. So he goes back and gets Canio who is pretty sore about the whole deal and takes after Silvio who goes on the lam without being recognized. Canio asked Needa who her lover boy is, but she says she won't squeal. Hearing this Canio pulls out his frog sticker, and tries to bump her off. Beppe interrupts, tells Canio to go take a walk and cool off and then come back to get the play started.

At any rate, the play gets off with a bang at 9 o'clock Central Standard time. It so happens that the play follows what has just happened to Canio. Needa, his old lady, gives same sweet talk to Beppe that she earlier fed to Silvio. Canio gets mad again and demands again the name of the correspondent in the forthcoming divorce proceedings.

THE AUDIENCE ALL this time laughs because they think this is part of the act. Anyway, Canio overdoes his dramatics and pulls out his 8 inch frog sticker again and sticks it between Nedda's third and fourth lumbar. Nedda like a fool calls for help from Silvio, who rushes off the stage to bump off Canio. But Canio picks up a broken beer bottle and gives it to Silvio. In the stomach, that is. The mob (formerly the audience) rushes up and grabs Canio to take him out on a lynching party.

AND SO THE PLAY ENDS.

WANTED: Riders to Mars. Arrive campus 8 a.m. Leave at 5 p.m. Anyone interested contact Captain Video in ROT C department.

LOST: One girl's heart. Finder may return to Biology lab. Lost when Johnnie Ray sang "Crazy Heart." Dropped it out of window while removing from specimen.

NOTICE: I will not be responsible for debts made by myself. Silma Seadle.

LOST: One Education 331 textbook. If found, please destroy.

LOST: My girl. She was last seen riding in a convertible with a tall, dark, and handsome senior. Reward to anyone who can give me information about her. I want my fraternity pin back. Notify Careless Cox.

HERE'S FOOLIN' TO YA!

Sleuth Pfrump Reveals Steel Girders

The Campus Cops unfolded today a tale of corruption in the athletic department. Said a spokesman for the cops: "Oh, my! This is just awful!"

It all started last football season when Policeman Freddie "Fear Not Fair Maiden" Phrump became suspicious of Southern's 68-0 loss to Arkansas State. "It looked like we were shaving points," Phrump said with a frown that wrinkled his rosy face. But his doubts were allayed when Coach "Bashful Bill" Lawler assured him: "Shucks, we couldn't have done no better, no how."

When basketball season started, Frump became ever more suspicious. "I noticed that Coach Flynn C. (for Cut-Rate) Folder slipped each player a little package after every game. As it turned out, they were only candy bars. But after all, big oaks from little acorns grow," Frump said knowingly.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Phrump's views are his own and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of this publication.)

Phrump began a secret investigation. He knew he would have to catch the culprits red-handed. So one day he sneaked up behind Coach Folder and demanded: "Pardon me, sir, but are you paying your players?" The coach answered "No."

That discouraged Pfrump for a time, but he was sure there was something amiss and went right on investigating anyway. He attended every game, spied on the players, trailed the coach. "It was so exciting," he recalled. Finally his efforts paid off.

"I obtained information from a very reputable source that players were given jobs and paid high salaries to get them to play ball. For instance, one basketball star was given a job hauling steel girders to the women's dorm from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. And at 25 cents an hour, that adds up.

"Easy come, easy go. No wonder the younger generation is so cynical nowadays," Phrump remarked.

ed solemnly.

FRUMPE NEARLY lost his job because of his efforts to clean up the sculduggery. One night while making his investigations, the trailed to a sorority house. Pfrump was peeking into the rear window of the house when a superior officer accosted him:

"Tsk, tsk, Frrummp," said the superior. "No binoculars, please."

"Sorry, colonel, sir," Phrump replied somewhat abashed. "I was only trying to do my duty as I saw it."

"Let me see it too," colonel, sir, answered. It was a close call for Phrump.

The crusading cop was asked if he thought the whole situation could be cleared up.

"You may say that the investigation is still proceeding," Phrump declared.

Hail The Hound Dogs

by HERMAN SCHMOOLEN

Our agent in Champaign phoned in a hot tip, from a reliable source who has asked to remain anonymous, disclosing that the entire Illinois varsity basketball squad plans to transfer, lock, stock, and gym shoe, to Southern after the current school year. One player is said to have commented, "That elaborate subsidation program put in force by athletic director Ben (Obe) Martin was just too lucrative an offer to refuse."

Another varsity star, when asked his reasons of deciding to transfer to Southern commented, "Daa, I'm just daffy over Hillbilly music!"

Southern's baseball squad is now holding practice sessions at the intersections of Main and Illinois. Commenting on this decision to select a new practice field, baseball coach Ben (Obe) Martin said, "We were just losing too many players on that old Chautauqua field. Several outfielders are out of the line-up now because they overlooked that drop in center field, and fell over the edge of the canyon in pursuit of a fly ball. Also, a rumor was spread that a boogy man made his home in the thick, dark forest behind first base. After that, some of the boys refused to return to practice."

TRACK COACH FLEALAND (Sock) Tingles denies charges that he used the needle to dope his star runner Coal (Smoky) Philman, enabling Philman to set a new record of 2:30 in the two-mile run. In his high pitched, raspy voice, Tingles squeaked, "I wouldn't do that to a dog—even a Saluki." Philman commented, "Gee, you'd think I was a pin-cushion or something."

Today is the date set for coach Flynn C. (for Cut-Rate) Folder to appear before the Grand jury at Colp on charges of collaborating with gamblers to fix Southern basketball games. Folder expressed his innocence, commenting, "Shlurpf, slurps, chomp, phfft, bang!" (He was chewing bubble gum at the time). When he heard that members of the squad were quoted as saying they would stand by him, Folder smiled and said, "Gee, guys, I knew you could do it."

Hear this—Flash Bulletin: No School

The following days have been set aside by the Office of the President as all-school holidays. They are: April 5, 6, 12, 13, 19, 20, 26, 27.

The Social Senate has arranged buses for tours for those students who will not be able to go home. Skiing parties on Cemetery Hill and whaling on the Big Muddy have also been scheduled as extra-recreation activities.

YOU NAME IT!

The answer to this week's "You Name It" picture is part of a Nosrettap Ydna, a member of the species known as Homo sapiens, thus requiring food for existence.



Phone Miss Burny Vexhour
SIU Cafeteria, Dial 9341



Coach Billy (Bubbles) Walrus has indicated that he has found one of the best defensive lines in Southern grid history with the combination of (L. to R.) Melite Dorris, Buster Brown, Cig Arbuth, Chief Raim-on-the-Roof, Bureau (Gabby) Dobbins, and C. Snorton Folley. Southern's grid-ders are now engaged in gruelling sessions of spring practice.

Southern Gridders Start Spring Drills

Spring practice began last week for 25 of Southern's prospective grid stars. According to coach Billy (Bubbles) Walrus, "the men will have their work cut out for them."

"Just look at our reputation," said Walrus. "Last year we finished untied, undefeated, and unmolested upon. Why, my boys haven't lost a game of pinochle in three years." (Thanks to Dr. Paul Krautwarbler of the speech department.)

Walrus showed particular joy when speaking of his new defensive line. "Why, that line's so air tight," said Walrus, "that the first day of practice two line backers suffocated from lack of oxygen."

"Look at that kid at right end, Melite Dorris. He works eighteen hours a day at the cafeteria to pay for his meals, yet he finds time to spend six hours a day practicing. No, sir, you won't find him loafing. Horace, get up from under that bench!"

"At right tackle I'm using Buster Brown. Have yet to find a ball carrier who can't stop. He's only a freshman, too. Of course, he's been one for the last three years, though."

"See that curly-headed bruiser over there?" Walrus asked. "That's Cig Arbuth, our right guard. He guards the middle of that line like our Saluki watches a 'T'-bone steak."

"One of the biggest breaks of the season came when one of my Indian boys from the junior college I coached at out in Washington decided to come to Southern. There he is over there. His name

is Chief Raim-on-the-Roof, but back home we called him "Drippy." A great guard and a wicked tomato player."

"My left tackle is Bureau (Gabby) Dobbins, a bruiser if there ever was one. Don't let that sleepy look fool you, he's fast as greased thunder," said Walrus.

"My left end is C. Snorton Folley. He's wicked in breaking up those end runs. I've never yet seen a ball carrier who could squeeze around his end," Walrus said with a gleam of admiration in his eye.

Walrus clapped his hands twice and all action on the field stopped. The players rushed toward him and gathered in a semi-circle.

"O. K. kids, let's get started. Today," said Billy (Bubbles) Walrus, "I'm going to teach you a new step. This one's called the Highland Fling. We may not win a game this fall, but won't we have a lot of fun?"

Supersonic Whistle

FOR WHISTLING AT
CAMPUS COEDS

ONLY \$1.53

But Worth Much More

Get Yours Today

Girls, Win Your Dream Man

Buy a Tube of

Bu Darry's

Magnetized Lipstick

A New Product

"It Draws a Man To You
and
Keeps Him There"



Gene Crawfish's
and
Lon Chaney's



Toots
Jones

Complete
Floor
Show

Hawaiian
Trio

Reserve
Now!

WAIKIKI ROOM
U. D. LOUNGE



VORACITY THEATRE

Wed. & Thurs., April 2-3
Double Feature Program
"FOR MEN ONLY"

and
"SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON"

Fri. & Sat., April 4-5
"THREE'S A CROWD"
Carrol Flint, Jane Bustle

CODGER'S THEATRE

Saturday, April 5
"ROAD TO SLOBBOVIA"
Paul Berra, Cella Lloyd

Sun. & Mon., April 6-7
"RHUBARB"
Harry Truman, Joe Stalin
Dean Acheson, Winston Churchill